1975.

Americans a Century Hence Indulge in a Reminiscence.

QUESTION:

Now, papa, tell me truly, did the people use to travel
In steamboats and in railroad cars, on water and on land?
And did they wallow in the sea and drag along the gravel,
Like fishes in the river or like lizards on the sand?
Confined to a dead level they must have had a bother
To keep from breaking down and running into one another.

ANSWER:

They did, my daughter; oft I've heard my father tell about 'em,
And how they used to jump the track and run each other down;
But with our levitant balloon we've learned to do without 'em,
For now we fly around the sky in an etherion,
Like "Queen Celeste," in which we float along the azure now,
Five hundred feet from stem to stern, and paddles at the bow.

But, Mary, dear, some other things are quite as full of wonder;
They used to have a clumsy rig they called a "telegraph"—
A slow communication between places far asunder—
Its poles and wire and chemicals I'm sure would make you laugh.
They hadn't harnessed up the will, nor guessed that power was in it
To hail a distant friend and get an answer in a minute.

There's telescopes—why, look at ours—see what we are arriving at!
We see our neighbors now on Mars and Mercury and Venus,
We swap some signals with them and find out what they're driving at!
Our microscopes reveal the ways of all the monad genus,
And show us how spontaneously the flea is generated,
And how the bugs and butterflies from nothing are created.

My child, lean out the flying ship; far downward larboard-looking
You see the bankrupt blackened shafts whence Lackawanna coal
Was spread throughout the land, to light and warm and do the cooking;
That was before we learned to bore a thousand-fathom hole—
In every town a hot-air shaft right through the shell of granite
Draws light and heat from out the inner furnace of the planet.

What progress we have made! Our biologists have found
The "missing link" of Darwin in the talking ape of Munessey;
And now we know a murderer is mentally unsound—
Instead of choking him to death we doctor him for lunacy.
Our philanthropic scientists have proved in many treatises
That crime is a disease as much as mumps or meningitis is.

At one time people used to kill the sheep and hogs and cattle,
And boil and fry them on the fire and eat them like savages;
But now we have our patent rotary food condenser, that'll
Give every mouth enough to eat and banish hunger's ravages.
Pour in a pint of nitrogen and mix in the accoutrement
Carbon and salts in appetizing forms of human nutriment.

But let us not be proud. If man, aspiring to the stars,
By his own will succeeds in overcoming gravitation;
If Brown, who visited the moon, succeeds in finding Mars,
And plants among the asteroids a Yankee signal station,
Our commonplace inventions will seem tame enough, and many'll
Think us behind the times as we the folks of the Centennial.

A $_{H}$O, NO^{5}.

A Doctor's Story.

It is more than five and twenty years since I first set up in practice in this part of the country, coming here a stranger to it. Now I know every inch of the road for miles round, rough and wild as it is; then I often lost my way, and it was with some difficulty in so sparsely-populated a country that I learned the landmarks which guide you over the moors when bad weather obliterates the track.

You remember, when we rode over the summit of the moor yesterday, how you admired the distant view of the sea, and how you called my attention also to the picturesque appearance of a deserted and dismal cottage on the right of us. The view of the sea is undoubtedly a fine one, and strikes me now every time I see it, even after many years' acquaintanceship; but I cannot admire that cottage, though rich green moss and yellow lichen have gathered upon its thatched roof, and though the purple heather grows close to its walls. I responded to your admiration of the view of the sea, but I said nothing about that cottage, nor, you may remember now, did I make any response to your fancies regarding it. A worn and wholly obliterated sign hangs before it; the place had evidently been an inn, you said; and, as we rode down the hill, you indulged in some fanciful speculations as to old travelers who had sought shelter therein, and how the wind must have beaten round it at night, bringing strange messages from the storm tossed sea, and scaring them with its violence even within the stoutly built walls. The place looked as if it had a story, you said, and, on my assenting, you pressed me to tell it. I now fulfill my promise; and no one can tell you the story of that roadside inn with more authority than I can, for I passed the most terrible and memorable night of my life there, and had something more to scare me than sounds of wind or sea.

I came here immediately after passing the college, nearly thirty years ago, a stranger, as I have said, and was at first assistant to a Dr. Greenfield, long since dead, who afterward took me into partnership. The practice in those days was not what it is now—for this town has grown wonderfully of late years, as also have some of the surrounding hamlets—though we had a great deal of outside practice beyond the moor, and even in some places still more distant. A country doctor's life is not a very enviable one. He does not get paid too liberally, his fees are small, and the gratitude he earns with them still smaller, while the amount of responsibility thrown upon his shoulders is enormous. Bear with a word or two in defense of my profession. You go to a city doctor, who examines you, prescribes, and pockets his money, and probably you never see him again. You return to my care—your regular medical man in the country—and if you get well, what a wonderful man the city doctor is; while, if you die, I am blamed for it. Take another case. It is comparatively easy to perform an operation in a city hospital, where, if you fail, there are half a dozen men competent to take up the knife and finish your work; it is another thing to have to perform a hurried operation with the nearest medical man miles away, and no one to help you but an unqualified assistant, or perhaps a dispenser, whose knowledge of surgery is, to say the least, painfully rudimentary.

Some few weeks after I had come here, I had occasion to go and visit one or two patients in the little cluster of cottages two miles beyond the top of the moor, and consequently between ten and twelve miles from the town. It was a fine winter day, and the snow lay crisp and bright in the sunshine. There was no need for haste, and we were by no means busy, so I determined to walk. I was young and active then, and I seldom lost the opportunity of walking, for by doing so I gained better knowledge of the country, as well as an increment of health from the exercise.

The journey to the town was a long one for poor people, so we kept a small stock of medical necessaries at the place of which I have spoken, under the guardianship of one of the ecttagers, and I took several small articles I remembered we required there, among them a vial of a strong solution of nitrate of silver, to be diluted afterward and used for certain diseases of the eye.

Bear in mind that little vial of nitrate of silver, for, under Providence, it brought a murderer to the gallows.

I set off briskly for my twelve-mile walk about noon. On my road over the moor I passed that cottage inn; the sign was legible then, and it told how Gabriel Sturm provided good entertainment for man and beast—the house looking far more suited to travelers of the latter species than the former. It looked, indeed, nearly as woe-begone then as it does now, and as if few wayfarers cared to accept Mr. Gabriel Sturm's offer. This was the case, I learned afterward; for the house had a bad name, though I had been too short a time in the neighborhood to hear of it. How that reputation was deserved you shall presently judge. In the meantime, picture me striding bravely up the hill, now and then having to make a detour upon the moor to avoid an unusually formidable snowdrift. I reached Hobtrush—for so the cluster of cottages which was my destination was named, after a local spirit supposed to haunt woods—and on arriving there I found more work to do than I had expected. There was, moreover, a young woman, who, with a consideration for her medical man not often shown by her sex in such cases, took the opportunity of presenting her husband with another baby, and so saved me a special journey. All this made me very late, and had there been any accomodation in Hobtrush, I might have been tempted to stay. As it was, I made up my mind for the walk, fervently trusting it would be moonlight. But before I went I looked carefully over our small surgery, which was in an attic room in the cottage, and regarded with superstitious reverence by the inhabitants. These may seem trivial details, but, as you will see, they are essential to the story. At the surgery, among others, I did three things: 1. I found more of the nitrate of silver than I expected. 2. I had entertained some suspicion of the goodness of a certain acid supplied us, and finding an old bottle of it on an obscure shelf, I put it in my pocket to take home and test its strength. 3. I found the ring of the large brass syringe we kept there was broken; the syringe worked perfectly well but the ring should be mended, and I pocketed it also for that purpose. I need mention nothing else—the silver solution, the acid, and the syringe are all the details with which I need trouble you.

I started off at a brisk pace, and even as I did so I could feel the wind rising; and I had not gone above a hundred yards or so when I felt a flake of snow fall on my face. That ought to have warned me; but I was somewhat stubborn and self-willed, and I determined at all hazards to persevere. Night fell, but no moon nor friendly stars shone out, and presently I found myself in the midst of a heavy snowstorm. For some time I managed to keep to the track—at least, so I imagined; but at length I became conscious that I had lost it, though I flattered myself that I was blundering on in the right direction. For a little time the snowstorm seemed to slacken; at all events, I was able to make some progress. After a short time I felt myself getting drowsy; but I knew it would be death to stop; and then again the flakes came down heavier than ever, and I could hardly make headway at all against the driving wind and drifting snow. I was plodding feebly on, when suddenly, above the noise of the storm, I heard a noise that, cold as I was, seemed to chill me through and through. It was a wild, loud scream—a man's I concluded; for it was strangely strong and hoarse, and it continued until suddenly it was broken off sharply, and I heard no more. Something had stopped it, or, I argued, a turn of the wind might have suddenly swept the sound away from me.

It was sufficiently appalling, and on first hearing it I started violently and dropped my stick, which, in the thick snow, I was unable to find. What terrible scene was being enacted on that wild moor on such a night? What criminal was trusting to the white snow to hide his crime? I nerved myself for an effort, and struggled on wildly for what seemed a long time; and at last I came against a door half covered with the drifted snow, and almost at the same moment my foot struck against something in the snow, and, stooping down, I picked up, to my intense astonishment, the stick I had dropped an hour ago. Close to the door was a narrow window, through which I could see a faint light, and in an instant I recognized three terrible facts connected with my situation.

In the first place I had walked for hours, and had only covered the two miles which separated Gabriel Sturm's from Hobtrush. I knew it was the house, for I could feel the sign above the low door. In the second place, I had passed it close to an hour ago, as my stick proved, and therefore must be wandering in a circle. In the third place—and this fact was the most terrible—the awful scream I had heard, *must*, humanly speaking, have come from some one inside that lonely inn.

But whatever might have happened, I must have shelter, for I could not have struggled a yard farther; so I knocked loudly at the door, and after some delay it was opened.

The man who let me in—I can say now it was Gabriel Sturm—was most anxious, apparently, I should not see his face. He had a large comforter round the lower part of it, and a hat slouched over the forehead; while the horn lantern he carried gave out a dim, uncertain light.

"What d'ye want?" he said, in a hoarse voice.

I would have given a great deal to have been able to turn away; but better the possible dangers inside the house than the merciless storm without; so I answered:

"A night's lodging. I can get no farther in this snow."

The man hesitated a good deal; certainly an innkeeper, this, who did not care much for custom; and at last he said gruffly:

"Come in."

With a shiver that was not owing to the cold, I crossed the threshold, and found myself in a low room, very roughly and scantily furnished, with a doorway in a corner leading out of it to the upper story. I could see also, by the dim light, a few rough shelves, with some bottles and pewter pots upon them. Still keeping his face as much as possible in shadow, but still, I could see, intently watching me, he took down a bottle and a wineglass, and then, saying brusquely, "This road; I sleep here," led the way up stairs. As he strode up he said, as if an afterthought, "And there's no one else in the house"—pleasant news from such a man. I followed him, and was shown into a small room containing a bed, a chair, and a table, and a small press near the door. Sturm put the lantern on the table, filled out a wineglass of the liquor, and, saying "Whisky," he handed it to me. Strange to say, he retained the bottle, which at once aroused my suspicions; so I drank, and then only nodded. He gruffly said "Good night," and strode out of the room. The moment his back was turned I discharged the whisky, which I had retained in my mouth, into the basin; at all events, I thought, I would not be drugged.

Two things were very noticeable: his anxiety not to be seen himself, and his evident desire to watch me that I should see nothing more of the house than he chose to show me—should not take a step into any room or passage other than those through which he led me. He succeeded in both, for I never, even when he offered me the whisky, had a fair look at his face; and, at the same time, I felt that he watched me narrowly.

I felt very sleepy from cold and exposure; but I had made up my mind that I must not go to sleep, or my life would be in danger. I felt that as I stepped over the threshold, and it increased upon me every moment; a conclusion arrived at on insufficient premises, you will say, but, nevertheless, one that I never staid to argue with myself; a conclusion justified, too, after these discoveries.

After putting out the whisky, which, as I anticipated, smelt strongly of opium, I tried to fasten the door, but found no lock or means of doing so—merely a latch. This was not reassuring; and I made another discovery shortly which alarmed me still more. The table, I found, formed part of the bed. The chair, as it seemed at first, was a seat imitating one let into the wall, into which also the press was fastened. There was nothing to drag against the door, and nothing to turn into a defensive weapon; for there was neither fender nor fire-irons, and the wash-bowl was tin, and very small. I was caught in a death-trap, and scarcely dared to breathe a prayer that I might get out of it safely, so impossible did it seem. For some time I was stunned; and if Sturm had come up then I should have been an easy victim. I seemed in imagination to die, and the shock nearly deprived me of my senses.

But I kept awake, and gradually got accustomed to the situation, awful as it was. I seemed resigned to the struggle which I felt must come sooner or later, and my mind began to wander vaguely round the subject. I can recall my thoughts now; but I hardly know in what order they succeeded each other then.

Sturm would be sure to be armed; moreover, he had evidently the strength of a giant, and I was by no means strong, and had nothing whatever with which to defend myself, except (the absurdity struck me even then) a syringe! A syringe and a bottle of diluted acid. You smile at the idea now, as, even in the horror of the moment, I could smile at it then; and yet, as the event proved, the two together made a weapon not to be despised. The syringe, as I have said before, worked perfectly well, and only wanted the ring-handle fastening. It was a very powerful instrument, and would carry a strong, continuous douche of any fluid within it a considerable distance, spreading as it went farther, just as shot spreads out of a gun. As for the acid, if once a man received any of that, or even the spray, in his eyes, he would certainly be blinded for some hours, if not for life—the latter a contingency which, in my desperate situation then, I did not for a moment consider.

I do not know how the idea, which you will now have seized, flashed across my mind; but I saw that, if only I could get an opportunity of syringing Mr. Sturm's eyes in a wholly non-professional way, I had a very good chance of escaping. The only difficulty was how to get the chance of applying my novel charge when the attack came; and though it seems simple enough now, it cost me many minutes of agonizing thought before I could determine it on that night.

The storm had abated, and the moon was shining out, flooding the room—for the window had no blind—with a stream of silver. It behooved me, in the first place, then, to make up some semblance of myself, and place it in the bed, and, in the second, to conceal myself where, unseen, I could get near my assailant. I could not get behind the door, for it opened right on to the press, and, moreover, before my attack, I was bound to be sure of my assailant's intention, for my host might come to visit me in a friendly way only, and I must be cautious. You laugh, as I can now, at such casuistry; but it is a fact that I did go through that process of reasoning then, and acted upon it.

There was a little space between the press and the bed. In that I crouched down, having arranged the bolster and my coat under the clothes, to resemble, as far as I could manage it, a sleeping man. Then I took out my syringe, and tried it very gently in the bottle of acid, and, with a beating heart and pulses which seemed to sound all over the room, waited the event.

My preparations had taken some time, and I was not kept long in suspense. Very shortly I heard a stealthy footfall on the stairs, which, step by step, approached my door, and then stopped. I forced myself (I don't know how, now) to breathe heavily and regularly, as if in sleep, and, after a few moments' hesitation, I felt, rather than heard, the door open. A slight jar against the press told me it was wide open, and that the spring was to come.

I had no idea, you see, of the nature of the attack. Would Sturm fire on me? Would he spring upon the bed and smother me? Would he stab me or beat out my brains? The catalogue, you will admit, has a certain interest for you now; judge how it affected me then. I heard, or fancied I heard, a heavier and more decided step than any which had been taken before, and I knew that the moment had come.

I have seen performed most of the great operations of the day, and I have more than once witnessed a certain tremor and hesitation on the part of the surgeon just before the operation began. The moment the knife touched the flesh his nerves were steel, and the work was done as if by machinery.

I do not talk boastingly when I say that, whereas when I listened to the footsteps and felt the door open it was only by a superhuman effort I preserved myself from a dead faint, yet, when I knew a second or two would end the affair one way or the other, my hand was firm as a rock, and I held the syringe charged as coolly as I now hold this cigar, or I should hold the knife at an operation.

Sturm was breathing heavily; but for a moment I heard him catch his breath in, and then, with a low growl, like a wild beast rushing at its food, he sprang forward, and with a short crowbar, dealt a fearful blow at the place where, but for God's mercy, my head would have been. Again, and again, he repeated his blows, not seeing, in the wild fury of murder, that they were falling harmlessly; and then, seemingly exhausted, he drew back, and with wide-open bloodshot eyes, gazed upon his handiwork.

Then was my chance. The murderer cronched over the bed, with the moonlight full on his face, hardly a foot from me. In another minute he would have discovered his mistake and seen me; but steadily I raised the syringe, and, exactly at the time when his gaze turned to me, I gave him a full ounce of the acid straight in his eyes.

I have no words to describe the fearful yell of astonishment, of fright, and of pain which he emitted. He would have faced either a blow, a stab, or a shot, boldly enough, I dare say, though in any case he must have been terribly startled; but I had used a weapon unknown in his armory, and the effect was like that of a thunderbolt.

He gave a spasmodic leap into the air the crowbar fell from his hands, and then he fell prone. Then, with a repetition of his awful yell, accompanied with a perfect hurricane of oaths and imprecations, he staggered to his feet with the evident intention of finding his assailant.

But it was in vain. The strong irritant had done its work, and he could not open his blighted eyes for a second. He was, indeed, blind; and, after a frantic rush against the press, in which he cut his forehead severely, he felt the door, and, staggering out, fell headlong down the stairs. I heard the crash, and then all was still.

Simultaneously with his fall I must have fainted; and had Sturm had any accomplices I must have fallen an easy victim to them. At last I roused myself, and, still hearing no sound, I ventured down stairs, the way through the front room being the only means of egress. I imagined my antagonist had gone out, but, at any rate, I knew he must be blinded still; but before I got down stairs I could see him lying flat on his face, his head buried in his arms. A bottle was thrown down beside him, and he was breathing stertorously. He had evidently taken refuge from his agony in the stupor of drunkenness.

I was passing lightly out when it suddenly struck me that, except when I saw it in the moonlight, I had never obtained a good view of my antagonist's face. He had shaded it, as I said, coming in—it was terribly distorted when I saw it for that single moment—and I could not be certain of recognizing it; while it was hidden on his arms now. I had blinded him, you will say, but I could not judge of the effect of the acid, nor how long it would last. At all events, I determined to mark my friend, who was quite insensible, so that for ten days or so I should be able to identify him. I took my little bottle of strong solution of nitrate of silver, and just under his handkerchief, at the back of his neck, I traced, with a camel's-hair pencil accompanying the solution, the figure of a cross. You know the action of the sun upon salts of silver; if his eyes recovered quickly, I should still have something to identify my man by; for I did not know then whether it was Sturm or some lodger who had made the attempt on my life. I was, however, to meet my assailant again sooner than I expected. * * *

Immediately on reaching home, before I could see any one, I was called off to another case, which kept me till the morning of the next day. Arriving home then, I was told that Dr. Greenfield had gone to an inquest on a man who had met with his death at Gabriel Sturm's inn. At Gabriel Sturm's! As you may imagine, I hurried off, and was just in time to hear my late adversary tell the following ingenious story, which revealed to me, and to me alone, the fearful extent of his crimes.

The body of a man had been found in the inn, with his skull broken in by a crowbar. That Gabriel Sturm admitted to have done, but said it was in self-defense, and that his assailant had thrown vitriol, or some such substance, into his eyes. In proof of which there he was, nearly blind, with his eyes in a terrible state of inflammation.

That plausible story, which he had evidently concocted in desperation, trusting to the chapter of accidents not to bring his real antagonist forward, would have probably brought about his discharge, but I stepped forward and requested to be examined, saying I could throw some light on the subject. There was a general murmur of astonishment, and even the doctor turned to me (remember, I had seen no one), and asked what I could know about the affair.

However, it was impossible to overlook the offer of such evidence, and I was sworn. I then told, carefully and circumstantially, the story you have just heard, when, to my astonishment and disgust, I could see that it was looked upon with a good deal of suspicion. You see, I was quite a stranger in the place, and, if you look at the balance of probabilities, Sturm's story was in some ways better than mine. His solicitor ridiculed my whole narrative, but said he could believe the strange use of the syringe, if I had any evidence that I was ever in the place. I had come back, too, and gone off again, and he asked was I not wandering on the moor all the time. In fact I saw he was making an impression; and it seemed also that the jury were unwilling to condemn a neighbor on such extraordinary evidence given by a stranger. If I could prove I was in the cottage—and Sturm, who could hardly see, swore I had not been there—the story would have a very different complexion.

Suddenly the mark I had made upon the murderer flashed across me, and I brought it forward as proof. With considerable difficulty the coroner allowed Sturm's neck to be bared; but amid loud murmurs, and to my horror, no mark was to be found. Had it been removed? I felt certain it had not. It had only been covered up, and exposure to the sunlight would bring it out. I determined that Sturm's neck should be turned to the winter sun, then shining through the windows, explaining as well as I could how it was the mark had not appeared.

After much objection that was done, and then, amid a scene of indescribable excitement, the sun gradually acted upon the salt of silver, and by degrees the place blackened, till slowly and surely the mark came out; and there was the accusing cross, a silent witness to the truth of my story, and a sure condemnation of him who would fain have been a double murderer.

"It is a conjurer's trick," cried the solicitor angrily, while Sturm stood stunned and puzzled, and people leant eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the mysterious mark.

"No," said the coroner, "it is no trick. That cross is the handwriting of Providence."

* * * * *

Open that box on your right, and you will see my relics—the syringe, the bottle of acid, and that little vial labeled Ag O, NO 5—the chemical expression of nitrate of silver; while I may finish my story by telling you that, before the cross faded from Mr. Gabriel Sturm's neck he was punctually hanged.

A Detroit Hero.

The city of Detroit has a genuine hero. The party referred to is a young man named John Horn, and his heroism consists in his bravery in rescuing people from drowning. In this line he has quite equaled the famous adventures of Charles Reade's John Lambert, of Scotland, who has attracted so great admiration through the pen of his novelist friend. John Horn, of Detroit, has for many years lived by the water's edge, on the wharves of his town, assisting his father in a small tavern. His skill as a swimmer and his bravery in springing to the rescue of persons unfortunate enough to fall into the water, are worthy of the highest praise. When accidents occur at the wharves and any one is in danger of drowning, young Horn is always called upon for assistance. And what has he done in this way? Very much. He has saved over one hundred human lives. Such a record is found in few lands, and, following the English idea of rewarding such valor with medals and pensions, the Hon. Moses W. Field, of the House of Representatives, who knows young Horn and has seen his operations in saving life some half dozen times, has brought the case before Congress. In a modest letter to Mr. Field, the water hero speaks of a score or more of people with whom he has struggled in the waves, and who have been saved by his efforts, giving the names of all, the dates of the accidents, and the circumstances attending. The exposures incident to Mr. Horn's career of mercy, have, in his case, as in that of the Scotch Lambert's, resulted in serious injury to his constitution, but he still watches the water's edge, and expects to save many more humans from death. His claims to national recognition are so well based that there will probably be no difficulty in securing him a medal of honor.

The Side-Way Clutch.

The weather here has had some effect on the side-way clutch. Do you know what that is? You must have had it in St. Louis. All New York women have it bad. It's the universal fashion of wearing the right hand as far in the rear as practicable, with a fist full of petticoat in it. Out of a hundred ladies passing at any hour the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway I will stake my best bonnet ninety-nine of them sail along with their dress-skirts walloped together in a bunch, and raised at just such an angle by a frozen claw in kid. About the first of the pull-back time an item went the rounds of the papers giving directions for this sort of thing. The lady was to lean back and sideways, take as much of her skirt as she conveniently could, and straighten up. This was the prescribed way of walking, and it has been adopted with a unanimity perfectly laughable. During a cold snap it would be a comfortable idea to take an extra sleeve, stuff a glove, and sew some dress-skirt between the fingers. This invention hung at the side will allow a woman to put both hands in her muff and still be fashionable. But, good mercy, what won't a woman suffer to be fashionable? *New York Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.*

The Electoral Vote.

A statement is going the rounds of the political press that the next electoral college—including the new State of Colorado—will comprise 370 members. Without the new State the number was 366; with it the number should be 369, as follows:

1. New York	35	21. Texas	8
2. Pennsylvania	29	22. South Carolina	7
3. Ohio	22	23. Maine	6
4. Illinois	21	24. Connecticut	6
5. Indiana	15	25. Arkansas	6
6. Missouri	15	26. California	5
7. Massachusetts	13	27. Vermont	5
8. Kentucky	12	28. New Hampshire	5
9. Tennessee	12	29. Kansas	5
10. Virginia	11	30. West Virginia	5
11. Georgia	11	31. Minnesota	5
12. Michigan	11	32. Rhode Island	4
13. Iowa	11	33. Florida	3
14. North Carolina	10	34. Delaware	3
15. Alabama	10	35. Nebraska	3
16. Wisconsin	10	36. Oregon	3
17. New Jersey	9	37. Nevada	3
18. Maryland	8	38. Colorado	3
19. Louisiana	8		
20. Mississippi	8	Total	369

LAMENT.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I loved him not, and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke, yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check

For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!

I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years
Wept he as bitter tears;

"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mold,
Where children spell, athwart the church-yard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And oh, pray, too, for me.

Wit and Humor.

THE Lady of Lyons—a lioness.

A TELLING speech—a confession.

A LOFTY position—the top of an editorial staff.

MARY had a little lamp,
'Twas filled with kerosene;
Mary down the chimney blew,
And vanished from the scene.

THE saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to "kicks, medicine and advice."

WHY is a man who makes additions to false rumors like one who has confidence in all that is told him? Because he relies on all that he hears.

A PHILOSOPHER says: "I never yet heard a man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them, and transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow creature."

AN English penny paper says it is not generally known that a very appropriate covering for the bed of a river may be made out of the sheets of water which abound in the adjacent meadows. The best way is to wait till they are frozen over, and then cut them up with a pair of skates. It ought to be against the law to serve up a joke so cold as to make one's teeth chatter.

"How long have you been in England?" was the question put by a young Englishman to a young American at a public dinner in London recently. "About two weeks," was the reply. "Really!" was the rejoinder of young John Bull; "and I notice you talk our language as well as we do." "Yes," was the reply of Brother Jonathan; I have not been here quite long enough to forget how to speak it."

THE DOGS AND THE RABBITS.

A rabbit, much alarmed to see
Two dogs approaching, turned to flee
His enemies—for well he knows
To rabbits dogs are mortal foes.
A comrade chanced the stir to hear,
And asked the reason of his fear.
"Reason? look yonder!" answered he:
"The hounds are coming! don't you see?"
"Hounds?" said the other, "look again;
They're merely curs, 'tis very plain!"
"I ought to know the difference, Sir!
I think, between a hound and cur;
I say they're hounds!" "I say they're not!"
"Faith! one must be a stupid sot
Who things so different confounds;
I'll take my oath the dogs are hounds!"
"By Jove! they're curs—or I'm an ass?"
And so they wrangle, when alas!
Ere they can settle their dispute,
The dogs, advancing in pursuit,
Fall on them both, and make an end
Of Mr. Rabbit and his friend!

MORAL.

So men, too oft, while they debate
Concerning things of little weight,
Neglect their serious affairs
Till ruin strikes them unawares!

—*John G. Saxe.*

NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Strike with the iron pot.
Brag 'tis makes perfect.
To each saint his scandal.
Anything for a quiet life.
While we give let us give.
'Tis good to be wary and wise.
One swallow doesn't make a bummer.
A contented mind is a continual beast.
It is an ill wind that blows two in a bush.
The devil is not so white as he is painted.
A whistling boy is father to a crowing man.
Always laugh at your own jokes; if you want anything well done, do it yourself.
A cursing goose never rolls to the mill for moss for the gander; and yet it is true that a bird in the hand always stays at home to roost.

Mrs. Tilton Repulses Her Daughters.

The New York correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes: "Mrs. Tilton spent a sad New Year. Her husband returned, a few days before, from his successful Western tour, and found that his daughters, Florence and Alice, had not called upon their mother. Florence, the elder, now a dignified and self-reliant young woman, was quite disinclined to do so, but Mr. Tilton, it is said, urged that her mother would miss the calls and attentions she had been accustomed to receive, and the daughters at last started off in a carriage, with two bouquets for their mother. Arrived at the door, they sent up their names, bouquets, and an affectionate note, with the salutations of the New Year, and asked to be admitted. The servant quickly brought back the bouquets and the note unopened, with the message that Mrs. Tilton did not wish to see them or receive anything at their hands."

Probability of a European Outbreak.

As to the probability of a general outbreak, says a London letter in the New York *Tribune*, the week has contributed little or no fresh information. Some importance may be attached to the remark of Gen. Ignatieff that there would be no hostilities for a year to come—since nothing is less likely than a general European conflagration at the beginning of the winter. This remark, there is reason to believe, was really made. Its value depends on the mood the Russian Embassador was in at the time. He is capable—in imitation of Prince Bismarck—of blurting out truths; and also capable of blurting out falsehood she wishes taken for truths. Of late it has suited him to be frank; as when he told the coming bankruptcy of Turkey to incredulous ears.

A SPLENDID vein of bituminous coal has been discovered and opened, about two miles east of California, Mo.